Kid Gloves looks for info on her necklace

The shop had a basement entrance with a simple sign that said “Antiques”. Were it not for the fact that she had taken on super villains, thugs, and even dinosaurs, she wasn’t sure she would like to be in this neighborhood. But her grandfather had said this was the place to find out about magic. He had tried to find out why she wanted to know, but she refused.

The inside of the shop was far different from the exterior neighborhood. It was terribly clean, and looked to be highly organized, yet very cramped. The walls were lined with old looking objects. Most of the objects looked in great condition, but some seemed to be falling apart, and others seemed out of place (such as old hurricane lamp that looked as though someone had painted it bright green, or the rubber chicken in the glass case).

Behind and old counter, and old woman sat. She seemed to take no notice and simply red her Cosmopolitan. At another counter a middle aged man sat. He wore a pair of thick glasses, and was studying an old glass bottle intently. He looked up at her, but made no move to speak to her. She approached, and spoke nervously. “I need to know if something I have is magic.” It seemed such an odd thing to say, she almost laughed. He looked up at her. “Well, let’s see it.”

While he didn’t look intimidating, slightly balding, overweight, out of shape, but his gaze help something stronger than his body showed.

She pulled off the silver necklace, and moved to hand it to him. He stopped her. “Not magic, sorry.”
“What? How do you know?” She huffed.
“I just do. As a matter of fact, that thing have very little history…yet…” When he said this, she felt a slight chill, as though him saying that was some kind of portent. It’s just as well, magic is in a state of flux right now.” He gestured to the rubber chicken. “That used to be an antique Chinese sword.”
“But I know there is something special about it!” She interrupted.
“Could be. But not magically. Everything can be special at the right time or place.” She felt dejected. The man seemed to pick up on this. “Sorry I couldn’t help you. But sometimes it’s not where something came from that makes it important. Sometimes it’s where it goes or where it leads us.”
“Thanks mister.” And she quickly left. Once she was gone, the man looked over at the woman reading cosmo. “You know, that thing may be either the oldest things I have ever seen, or the newest…”

Red Griffin Gets a lead

Nights of criminal interrogation, have led almost nowhere. Red Griffin stands on a rooftop, some street thugs he had “met” with, already scattering into the night. They had been no help.

“You won’t find much about him this way.” Came a solemn voice from behind him. He turned quickly to see the dark colored form of Hand of Justice.
“What do YOU want?” Griffin responded, his patience thin after an unsuccessful night.
“Two things, one, to retrieve something of mine, and two and give you something in return.” He walked up to Griffin, and quickly reached around the Griffin’s shield, producing a
tiny object. Realizing what it was, a bugging device, Red Griffin raged. As he was about to yell, HoJ produced a CD from his coat.

“This is all of the government information on Jonathan Winters. Including medical and psychological information. Most of all, how they were able to block his ability to manifest weapons.”

Red Griffin stood stunned. He had just spoken to elder Mark, the Gadgeteer, who had informed him that they would need more information if they were going to build a device to disable Marshal Law.

“How did you get this?” Griffin asked, eying the masked vigilante warily.

“I hacked the Stryker Island database, and paid off a clerk who works for the DEO.”

The two stared at each other, Griffin, feeling odd about obtaining information through questionable means, and them remembering the bug. HoJ broke the game and walked off. “You don’t have to like me, just use it to help the Challengers. My city needs them, even if she doesn’t know it…”

With that he hops off the edge of the building. Griffin rushed forward, but he is gone.

Thomas finds something new

Doctor Thomas, from Science Inc, bursts into a Challengers staff meeting.

“I know you guys are busy, but my assistant discovered something I think you should know.”

From behind Dr. Thomas, a gibbon walks forward. From his head, he wears an odd helmet that in no way fits correctly. It calls out in ape-like sounds, and Dr. Thomas looks at you all expectantly.

“Oh yeah…you all don’t speak Gibbon. He said, he found something in the museum!”

The gibbon leads the challengers to the elevator, and proceeds to press the correct button…and grunts a tune that sounds like a musak version of yellow submarine. One at the museum, you all come to the area where the recent “exhibits” for Jeremiah and Kyle Jones were. A new platform stands. And on it a simple plaque resides. It says: Red Griffin.

Kid Gloves seeks Solace

When Starblast comes to Kid Gloves to offer help, she looks into his eyes. She grabs him and kisses him.

“If you really want to help me…just take me somewhere normal. Take me to a movie or a football game or something.”

“But, people would notice us…”

“No, don’t take me as Starblast, take me as you…”